

Blessed or Cursed

Fluch oder Segen?

Von DamienDoesntCare

Changed

I only remember darkness. But not the scary creep-the-hell-outta-me-darkness. It was nice, warm and felt perfectly safe. At least until I saw the glow in front of me. I couldn't move at first. The light was icy and was grabbing hold of my heart. That was when I thought I was dying. I was panting and felt my legs going numb. My body gave in and I fell on my shaking knees. I was confused. Wasn't the light supposed to be my guide to the next world? Shouldn't it be comforting and pleasant, instead of cruel and icy?

I wished for the graceful darkness to return. The moment I prayed for it to shield me from the way too bright light...it did.

Instantly I felt the cold fade away and realized that the dark was lingering on my skin like protective hands of a loving mother. It was caressing and touching me like a lover. It was telling me that everything would turn out to be just fine.

It said that I should prepare for what was to come, though. That I had traded my old life for something new. Something unknown. It told me that I had chosen darkness over light. Life over death. Night over day.

And it said that the dark was gonna be my destiny from that moment on. I didn't have a clue what that meant. I was just glad that I wasn't dying. I closed my eyes and suddenly felt very conscious of my aching body.

When the pain faded, it was replaced by joy and energy. I made myself open my eyes and immediately had to suck in a gulp of air when I realized how clear everything was. Yeah, it was still dark, but now I could see what I was unable to see before. I was kneeling on the stony ground of something that looked like a cave. I looked around. A really comfortable cave.

If it even was one... There was a huge bed on my left with puffy red pillows on it. In the middle of the room, there was a small table with a glass-made can on it, that was filled with some familiar looking red liquid. It was a little too thick to be wine, but did that matter? I pulled my gaze away from it. I got to my feet and turned around. I was standing close to a wooden door and reached for the door knob, frowning. I wasn't exactly sure what was waiting for me on the other side, so I paused in my movement to think about it first. The darkness had said that I had changed into something else, something new... No, that wasn't correct. It had told me that I had traded my old life for something new. There had to be a slight difference between it, but I actually felt changed. My eyes flickered back to the thick red liquid. It somehow caught my whole attention and I felt myself walking towards the table. There was a label-like piece of

paper tied to the can.

I looked a little closer to read the tiny handwritten instruction on it. It said "Drink me." which was actually very weird.

I smelled something salty, but still sweet and wonderful. Doubtfully, I looked at the offered drink. I wasn't sure if it was safe. A voice inside me was screaming to drink it, though. So I just grabbed the can to drink its content. I was very thirsty.

When I held the cool glass to my lips, I couldn't help, but drown the whole thing in a few gulps and then feeling way better than I ever did before. The taste had exploded in my mouth. It was the most delicious thing I had ever tasted in my entire life. Somehow, it was even a turn-on. Like this prickling feeling when you touch yourself. Was it a kind of drug or a pheromone drink? No, nothing in the whole wide world could taste as divine and pleasurable. When I realized I had emptied the can, an almost unbearable sad feeling washed over me. I was depressed. I needed to have more of it. Just one more sip of heaven. That's why I finally opened the door and walked outta the room. To find more, just a little more of it. I needed it. My whole body was longing, craving for another taste of the ruby-colored drink. It was the only thing I could think of. My tongue shivered inside my mouth, trying to find a hint of the tension I had felt earlier.

Behind the door was only darkness. I couldn't see anything at all. It was almost blinding.

I stopped. Since when could darkness be blinding? I searched a wall to lead me, but there was none. There was nothing but empty darkness. And the door I had been walking through had vanished, too. I let my body dump to the floor and cried.

The longing for the liquid became a burning feeling in my throat and stomach. Somewhere,

far away, I heard a clock ticking. This seemed like my cue to go on. My flash of hope.

I needed to get up and follow the sound. But something inside me kept me front and center.

While I waited for me to quit crying, I tried to ignore my sore throat. It didn't work that well.

Then I felt a strong hand on my shoulder. "Sh, sweetheart. You really should stop crying now.

There's nothing wrong with what you have become.", a male voice said.

I blinked through my tearfilled eyes. The man was holding an oil lamp in his other hand, so that I could see flickering parts of his face. "But what is it I've become?", I asked.

My voice was not more than a whisper, but it sounded loud and accusing in the silence.

He hesitated and then smiled. "You don't have to be afraid. You don't need to be afraid of anything at all ever again. You have become a vampyre. Well, almost, I should say. There is one more thing you have to do to finish the process..."

I stared at him, not believing one word that left his mouth. "How could I have changed into a vampyre? You didn't bite me, did you? I'm still me, still Seleene, am I not?"

"Of course you are the same person you were yesterday. You have just changed. And to answer your question...yes, I did bite you, but you probably won't remember that. The darkness made you

forget about it, because you should not feel more pain than necessary."

"Why is there any pain necessary?" He turned to look around and stared in the

direction the door was supposed to be. I watched him, questioningly. When the silence got almost torturing, he answered my question.

"Seleene, there are some things in this world that will always be kept a secret. Even by our gracious goddess. There is always pain involved, of course. Your body died. Your soul survived.

It is not true, what everybody is saying. All those myths about vampyres and not even half of it is true. Your soul, your spirit only dies, if you let it die. There is always a choice left. Not all vampyres are soulless monsters, hon."

I stared at him in disbelief. "But it's not all lies, either. Right?" "Yes, you got it, dear." "What about the coffin thing?" "It depends..." "Depends on what?", I asked.

"Depends on where you are the moment the sun rises. You should always take a coffin with you when you travel. But if you live somewhere for a long time, like in an house or a flat or something, thick, dark curtains will do as well."

Why the hell did he have to grin so much? It seemed like he could burst with laughter at any second. Naturally, I thought I was the joke/problem. Did I look funny or smelled bad?

I sniffed. No, there was nothing wrong with me. Or so I thought, at least.

I wasn't happy about how things were going lately, but by and by I got along with the vampyre thing pretty well. Suddenly, the man looked like there was someone behind him, who was kicking his ass. He said to me: "Well, Seleene, that reminds me that we have to hurry! We have to finish your changing process!" "I thought I already am a vampyre? You-you said so!"

"Yes, I suppose I did, but I also said that there is one more thing you have to do to finish the process. So, now please, come back with me to your room." "Back? You mean that cave-room I came from is my new room?" "There is really no time to discuss the matter right now! Now get on your feet and come with me!" This wasn't a wish of him anymore, it was a command and there was no way to argue with him. But then somewhere out of nowhere appeared another guy and he was standing right next to me. I felt his breath on my face. I couldn't see him, though. When I heard his voice, something inside me recognized him, but I couldn't say exactly who he was.

"There I am, brother." "Do not do this again, Jared. It really would be better if you go now."

I felt how Jared put his hands on my shoulders and went to stand behind me. He hesitated one second before he answered: "But what if I don't wanna go?"

"Well, then I will have to make you go, Jared. Anyway, I want you to let go of her. You have done enough bad stuff for one night." "Don't you know it yet? I can never do enough shit, bro! And I'll never let go of her, Ethan."

I wasn't able to raise my voice or say anything, so I just listened to their disskussion, ignoring that I was the core of it. "But I have to help her finish the changing process!", Ethan said.

"Yeah, I know about that. So I'll take care of her, if you don't mind."

"No, you will not! You just do not want to understand, do you?" "I understand most of it better than you will ever do. She's mine. I bit her. I was the predator and she the prey. That's why I have the divine right to take care of her." It took me a few seconds to understand what they were saying.

Then I shrieked and said: "Jared bit me? But you were saying that you did it, Ethan."

I used their names automatically. "I cannot believe, that you two are acting like I'm not in the room."

I am here! We know each other barely a few minutes and you're already lying to me? And well, I'm not sure about the how-part, but aren't you supposed to complete my change somehow?"

Jared pulled me into his arms and whispered into my ear. "Hmm, you smell wonderful, baby."

That caught me off guard. Did he just ignore me? "Well, maybe you didn't hear what I just said but. You. Have. To. Change. Me. And if I got it right, you have to do it fast."

Ethan got pale. Even paler than he already was.

"You want him to do it, right?" He knew what I was going to say, before I said it. I nodded.

"He started it. I think it's better if he ends it, too." Jared spun me around, so that I had to face him.

I only caught a few glances at his face, because of the little light that radiated from Ethan's oil lamp.

But from what I could see, he was more than beautiful. In his own way. He had long dark hair and black glistening eyes. His skin had an olive tinge, which made him look very exotic.

He was muscular and tall. Very tall. He must have been bowing down to me when he had been whispering into my ear. And as I said, he was muscular. But not too much. I almost couldn't breathe and instantly I remembered him. Flashes of the last night passed before my eyes.

Not only had he changed me, I had also lost my virginity to this man.

I shook my head a little and then knew, that he would have to stand up for what he had done.

I didn't think of anything in particular when I fainted. So they had been fighting about me way too long. Was it now my time to die? I didn't hope so.

Then I felt something sharp cut my wrist and cried out loud in pain. I heard Jared's and Ethan's distant voices. Why couldn't they just let me die in peace?

I really was sorta pissed at them when I realized that the pain faded and I was drinking something that brought me back to life. Did that mean that I had made it through the change?

"I wouldn't bet on it...", I thought weakly.

The voices became clearer and after a few seconds had passed, I could even understand what they were saying. "Do you think she makes it?" "Well, that really isn't any of your business anymore, is it? But I think it has worked. I don't know about you Ethan, but I would like a cup of tea right now." I recognized Jared's voice easily. That had to mean that the other voice was Ethan's.

But what they were saying disturbed me. Did that mean that it wasn't over yet? And even worse,

did it mean, they were going to leave me alone here, not caring about what happened to me?

"You cannot leave her alone, Jared! You've imprinted with her just minutes ago. I could not do anything and it was your decision!" "We both know, that with an imprint it's easier to go through the change and the chances are better that she will be fine. All we can do for her right now is wait and drink some nice cup of tea, or even coffee, if you think you would like it better, bro."

My whole body felt like it might explode. The pain came back and I couldn't really

fight it, so I just gave in.

I concentrated on other things than the pain, but still it was awful. My heart was racing and my body was almost drained out of blood. I didn't realize I was crying until somebody took my trembling body into his arms and wiped my tears away. It wasn't Jared. I instantly knew that. So it had to be Ethan who was carrying me. I forced myself to stop crying. He shouldn't see me like that. I was being weak. The new wave of pain that hit me unexpectantly, killed my last strength and the screaming started. With a shock, I recognized the screaming voice as my own. The pain made me sound like a stranger. The screams sounded hoarse and tortured.

"Sh, Darling. I'm with you. Everything's gonna be okay. I'd just wish that it was me who you've chosen to keep you save...because my brother always was the one who messed up badly.", Ethan said. I wanted to ask him what he meant by Jared "messing up badly",

but all I could do was screaming.